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VOL. I.

LITERARY.

In our last No. we gave a lively sketch of John Bull by the author of the Highlanders. We now present Mrs. Bull, from the same pen.

MADAME BULL.

That studied elegance of dress,
This essence that perfumes the wind,
Your very motion does confess
A crowd of conquests are design'd.

Lady W. M. Montagu's Poems

If John Bull be a great object of misrepresentation abroad, Madame Bull has her full share, although she is regarded with less jealous and severe eyes. Every foreigner who has visited the British capital is convinced of the beauty of its women, and I heard a painter, who is an inveterate enemy to the government of England, nay even to the nation collectively, assert that "the British females excelled all those whom he had ever seen;" he even added, that "the women were goddesses, and the children angels," and could not help esteeming both sexes individually. English ladies are certainly seen to most advantage at home; there they shine transcendentally as fond wives and tender mothers, as dutiful and affectionate daughters, and hospitable and graceful mistresses of a house and family; there, too, in the highest classes, a little Parisian elegance of dress has a double effect from its rarity, whilst the native simplicity of attire is not rendered homely by the comparisons of rivals in the arts of the toilette. The young Quaker pleases in her plain, modest and retiring air and garb, and the fine complexion (*ce beau sang*), so justly praised by strangers, seems to need no ornamenting, or tricking out; no rich habits and coquettish airs. The travelled English lady will always captivate, and even she who has not that advantage, will with beauty and youth, candour and sincerity on her side, have a hold on the traveller's heart; and her obliging efforts to express herself in his language by boarding-school French, or Italian, her extensive accomplishments and

education will amuse and be grateful to him in every intercourse of society. Divest the British beauty of all the auxiliaries of trains, flounces, lace, falbalas, flowers and feathers, &c., and her native excellence will stand the test. But the eye may be misled, and the heart may balance when her powerful rival of the opposite shore enters the list against her in all the *recherche*, or studied superiority of fashion; with eyes of tender, yet consuming fire, the artillery of which conquer and dazzle at the same time; whose attitudes are symmetrical, whose form often aids its proportions by a thousand allies supplied by high dress; whose silken shoe and delicately turned ankle, seem like the base of a statue which has caused much study to render perfect, or, being otherwise, still strikes and attracts from the many graces flung over it by the hand of taste, and by the manner which comes in so powerfully to the aid of matter; a foot of moderate dimensions pleases in a slipper, which reminds one of that of Cinderella; lips not putting the opening rose to shame, or yet inviting when finished by a smile, and contrasted by the lily of France which peeps from between them.

An ordinary figure gains by its motions being harmonious; youth and sportiveness banish cold calculation, and put to rout the scrutinizing cold examiner. There is method in every thing abroad, even to the management of a lady's fan, to her brushing a butterfly from her forehead, or guarding against a bee about to invade the honey of her lips; all these manœuvres leave Madame Bull, fair though she be, in the back ground, and exercise the enchantress's wand over the astounded Briton, or other traveller. At the same time, the affectation of the French ladies leans so much towards ease and good-breeding that it passes sometimes unperceived and almost always uncensured; whilst Madame Bull has certain stern principles, national adherence to stiff proprieties, cold looks and defensive gravity, which astonish without pleasing, and estrange without meriting blame. Madame Bull, too, when she visits the continent, comes not only in all her simplicity, but as

sumes something not very unlike stupidity from a singularity of appearance, often preserved with the most obstinate tenacity; she so frequently utters the word *shocking!* that it first terrifies and next creates ridicule; she cannot feel that relying confidence in the gentlemen of France, so as to dance with them as if she was quite at home, or walk with them with an air of kind acquaintance; she hops very often in the quadrille, and looks like a serjeant's pike in the waltz; she has none of the bounding activity, the elastic lightness, the playful air and countenance, *ce doux abandon*, of the daughters of Gallia; it rarely occurs to her to clothe her countenance in a ball-dress, to arrange a smile for her partner, to delineate an attitude for her vis-a-vis, there is no exquisite yet innocent flirtation allied with the feats of her agility; in a word, she does not seem born for that *amiable folie* which is a term unknown, or at least not understood by the softer sex of Albion's isle.—Her walk is not studied, nor always in harmony with her *ensemble*; for instance, she may trip in courtly robes, or hobble in a light morning-dress; drag a half train in the mire sooner than elevate its border well above the heel, or a little higher; and walk round-shouldered, cat-backed, and half double, rather than move erectly on, under the apprehension of being "*stared at by the men.*" A French woman has something of—

"Nor bashful, nor obtrusive,"

in her deportment, the play of diffidence grafted on self-confidence, a withdrawing to be followed, a retiring to advance with more effect, the generalship of which beats the

"*Malo me Galatea petit*"

of Virgil, out of the field.

These anglings with the heart are not unknown to the fair of Britain, but they are only practised on great and serious occasions; whilst all these little skirmishings with admiration and desire are brought into play in every incident of social life, by the Paris belle, at the toilet, at the breakfast table, at the banquet, and at the ball; in walking, dancing, conversing, smiling, nay even at church there is no peace for the *amateur* of the soft sex in France; but in England, neutrality, or a suspension of amatory hostilities may long be observed, and even a non-intercourse bill may be obtained, which the provoking glance of a Parisian Galatea, would destroy in a few seconds. The foreign beauty has another and a last advantage over her of domestic growth, it is the *talent de plaire*, the way to please, not only in the dance and in the other exhibitions of her fair proportions, but, in familiar chit-chat; and whilst Madame Bull is deep read and generally well informed, the light transient flowers of French conversation leave

a most pleasing effect, and prepossess the hearer in favour of her who has said so many gay and agreeable things to him;—now, as men rather expect to be delighted than instructed by female converse, Madame Bull comes off second best, and all her study and quotation, her memory, wit, and understanding are wasted on the desert air.

Having said thus much in the way of comparison, it is but justice to add that when Mrs. or Miss Bull do fail to please, it is from a want of attention, not from a want of means; take off the thick black leather shoe, or cumbrous half-boot, and supply their place by the silken buskin, or thin *chaussure* of the French, and the state of affairs is immediately changed; replace the cottage bonnet, like the *sombrero* of a bravo of Italy or Spain, or the flapped articles of the *forts de la Halle* (the strong corn-porters,) by the smart tricked out hats and bonnets of the rue Vivienne, and other streets filled with milliners, and the countenances of these good ladies will be vastly cleared up; a little manner and a little sprightliness added to this will so improve the picture, that it will be difficult to recognise it; the imitation must, however, be well done, or the portrait will be entirely spoiled.

Ere we take leave of Madame Bull, it must be remembered that this article which is made (by invidious critics) a mere caricature, is not a being of high life, but rather the inhabitant of Bishopsgate-without, or Bishopsgate-within; the prosperous tradesman's wife of East-cheap, or Fleet-street; the travelling companion and partner of ambitious retailers, who must needs take a trip in a steam packet to Calais or Ostend, or be packed with the other live luggage of a day coach to Brighton, and there cross to Dieppe. The cheap rate of travelling has given a whet to female *curiosity*, and *Mess-ter Figgins* is no longer allowed to view foreign parts without the accompaniment (often inharmonious) of wife and daughter, who just stay long enough in Paris to miscall every thing, and to bring back with them a number of absurdities *judiciously* gleaned and grafted on the homely stock. Such representations of English dress and manners have doubtless brought them down in the scale of consideration, but the estimate is falsely taken, and I have often wondered at the unfortunate exportations* which have produced those ill effects.

* A French gentleman, viewing a *Pidcock*-like group staring at the Louvre, observed to me, "I am told that you have the most beautiful women in the world in England, but you certainly keep them at home."

Desire in youth is a passion—in age a vice—While it solicits us it is pardonable—but when we pimp for it—O shameful!

The following sketch of Mr. Theodore Hook, the author of *Sayings and Doings*, is from the *London Critical Gazette*. We extract it, not in approbation of its justice, but as a fine specimen of eloquent invective.—Ed.

Let us suppose a man whose youthful occupations were breathing forth melodious ballads at Vauxhall, or furnishing melodramatic monstrosities to the stage, shrewd and bustling in his character, possessing a very moderate capital of wit and learning, but quite *au fait* at making that mediocrity tell. By dint of insinuating manners, joined to some degree of interest, he obtains a colonial appointment, in which certain monies of the public, necessarily pass through his hands. Superior to the petty prejudices respecting the *meum* and *tuum*, he nobly disdains to say with the ancient, "*MEO sum PAUPER in ere*," and contrives, by a convenient appropriation of the *res alienum*, to his own purposes, to obtain a footing among some of the less fastidious of his superiors, who are satisfied with stylish appearances, and are more inquisitive as to what a man has, than what he is. This sunshine, it is true, cannot always last; investigation takes place, and the result, as might be anticipated, is unfavourable to the subject of it. But, secure as the gifted animal which always lights upon its feet, the culprit escapes the apparent peril, resumes his former character, and, becoming a literary adventurer, undertakes the conduct of a journal of scurrilous notoriety, started at a period when party feeling had attained to an almost unexampled height of violence. This journal distinguishes itself in the outset by the substitution of personal invective for political discussion, and (such is human nature under the influence of party spirit), the system is no sooner understood, than ample materials are afforded, from sources establishing their authenticity as firmly as their malignity, for attacking the private characters, and ridiculing the foibles and follies of every one belonging to the adverse party, sufficiently elevated in society to attract public attention. And what would be the situation of such an individual as we have imagined, conducting a journal of this description? Would he not inevitably become possessed of an acquaintance with the domestic arrangements, the family connexions, the frailties, failings, and misfortunes of those in the higher walks of life, that would render him truly formidable?

"Viscera magnarum domuum, dominus que futurus."

Into their company he *must* be admitted, as a matter of course; for who among them, unless all his family and connexions be *sans peur, sans reproche*, shall dare to shut his

door against one so armed? And rarely in any class of the community, can those be found who could submit to so trying an ordeal. But least of all can it be expected in such as from the superior facility they enjoy of gratifying vicious propensities, are the more powerfully stimulated to the indulgence of them. They cannot but fear to provoke attacks to which they must needs submit in silence, ruminating upon the maxim of the poet

"———Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

Such a journalist as we have depicted, they consequently must receive: nay, in many instances must do him homage, on the same principle that Indian savages worship the devil. Nor does it follow that they should afterwards repent the step they have taken. Besides his insinuating manners, he will infallibly be distinguished by that contempt for the sphere he has quitted, that profound veneration for every thing connected with the *ton*, which is inseparable from a *parvenu*. His new acquaintances, admiring this proof of his discernment, and retaining their dread of his power, will by degrees, persuade themselves that they have obtained an agreeable accession to their circle; and he himself, ere long, dazzled by the objects that surround him, will think he has never before been in his proper element. Like Sly, waking in the bed of the nobleman, he will exclaim,

"Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak,
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly."

But supposing him, under this impression, to attempt a delineation of fashionable life, how will he execute it? Can this brief and superficial acquaintance with his subject qualify him for the undertaking? Certainly not! but he will not wholly fail. He may want ability to describe the man, but he will be correct as to the cut of his coat; and the colour of his buttons. He will "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" all those little peculiarities of gesture and manner that escape the notice of those to whom custom has rendered them familiar. He will display an intimacy with the details of the domestic economy scarcely exceeded by the menials of the mansion. His vocabulary of wines will be such as to astonish a butler; his nomenclature of viands calculated to provoke envy in a cook. Moreover, he will carefully note down all those eccentric modes of expression, whose absurdity fashion alone could sanction, and whose novelty will be sure to attract his attention. A picture composed of such materials, can readily be imposed upon the indolent and vain, in an humbler situation, as genuine. Nor will it be without interest for persons

of a very different description. The exhibitor, with the inquisitiveness usually attaching to men of little minds and low ideas, will register on the tablets of his brain, all the whispers of scandal; and set down as ridiculous all that approximates to that sphere of life, in which the *tempora acta* of his life were spent. Hence fear will not fail to assure him readers among those whom he is so well qualified to exhibit in a ludicrous, or even a worse point of view.

EPICUREAN APHORISMS.

Sobriety is the conscience of weak stomachs.

Place no confidence in bad eaters. They are in general envious, foolish, or wicked. Abstinence is an anti-social virtue.

No good king ever made a sumptuary law. Tyrants alone can arrogate the right of life and death over the stomachs of their subjects.

Marshal de Mouchy pretended that pigeon's flesh has a consoling virtue. When he lost any friend or relation, he used to say to his cook,—“Give me roast pigeons to-day; for I have observed that after having eaten a couple of pigeons I always rise from the table much less unhappy.

The fate of the mushroom is truly ridiculous; it is eulogized and abused with an equal extravagance. Nero called it the flesh of the gods. A grave confessor bestowed upon it the epithet of a murderous and regicide fungus. It has, in fact, occasioned the deaths of Tiberius, Claudian, the wife and children of Euripides, Pope Clement VII., King Charles VI., the widow of Czar Alexis, and numerous others.

There are men whom nature has treated like spoiled children. The historian De Thou mentions one of his relations, M. de Samblacy, Bishop of Bourges, who was continually eating. Six meals were regularly served to him every day, and yet he was never satisfied. This worthy prelate, grateful, gormandizing, and pious, always said grace on rising from table.

The ancient abbots were such lovers of the juice of the grape, that in all their writings they call the church the vineyard of the Lord.

It was Meleager, King of Macedonia, who brought the first turkies into Greece, in the year of the world 3559. The Greeks named these birds after their prince, Meleagrides. Sophocles, in one of his tragedies, introduces a chorus of turkies bewailing the death of Meleager.

Make no assertions after dinner, whose truth you have not ascertained while fasting.

SUICIDE OF ANIMALS.

A doubt has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide: to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who had committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the “rash act,” as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tedium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long afterwards a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at that time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill: and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

X. Y. Z.

Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the delirium of a fever.

THE ESSAYIST.

PREJUDICE.

It has been said, that "man is the child of prejudice;" and never was a truth more complete. All our thoughts, actions, hopes, wishes, and whole manner of being, are founded on prejudice. From the cradle to the grave we are attended by prejudice. Prejudice is our nurse in infancy, it is our tutor in childhood, it is our companion in manhood, and our crutch in old age: for we begin with, and we never shake off the habit of judging before we think, or taking things for granted, without having first examined their fitness, or truth. Every blind belief, every implicit obedience to custom, or fashion, however great the authority on which it rests, is a prejudice. Yet, although prejudice is unbecoming the wise—though a prejudiced individual is generally contemptible, and even sometimes dangerous, there are prejudices which, so far from being contemptible, are even necessary to the well-being of man and of society. Such are the prejudices of religion, of consanguinity, of nationality, kindred, &c. They originate in the holiest aspirations, the kindest feelings of the human heart, instilled in us during the guileless age of childhood, when love and gratitude still bloom in their native freshness, untainted by the Upas of envy, cupidity, and malice. What would man be without such prejudices as these? Would he honor his father and mother, because mere reason dictates it? Would he be a protector to his defenceless sisters, a father to his orphan brothers? would he sacrifice his freedom for the happiness of a wife?—nay, would he sacrifice himself for his own offspring, because *duty* commands him to do so? What would be to him his friends, his country, his nation, his *God*? without these sacred prejudices? How cold are the acts of man, to which he is solely impelled by reason! how frigid the mere emanations of duty! how ineffective the religion of the brain! When interest commands—when cupidity urges—when the passions impel us—reason, reason alone is but a slow agent to counteract their united, or even their single effect. Friends—relatives may have perished—our country may have fallen a prey to domestic tyranny, or a foreign foe, and its name be obliterated from the chart of history, before the logic of reason could nerve the arm in their defence. Such prejudices, then, we will foster and preserve; and although the heartless infidel may mock, the cold cosmopolite may sneer—without these prejudices we could neither bear up against the ills of earth, nor become worthy of the bliss of heaven.

But there are prejudices of another kind, such as have sprung from ignorance, are fomented by the interested, or cherished by the indolent—who are hostile to the results, or averse to the trouble of reflection. These every thinking mind, every friend to man, will labour to eradicate. I will endeavour to place a few of these prejudices (ridiculous, pardonable, and prejudicial) in their proper light, as they occur—to classify or enumerate them all, would surpass alike the limits of my ability and of my reader's patience.

It is prejudice which, at the moment of our birth, coops us up in a close room, while sound sense dictates to accustom the new being at once, to that atmosphere in which it is destined to live. It is prejudice which makes us consent to lace, or button ourselves in tight clothing, when we know, from experience, that we are never more comfortable than in our night-gowns. We eat, without appetite, because it is dinner time; and we drink, without being thirsty, because it is tea-time; we go to bed, because it is twelve o'clock; and we get up, because it is eight o'clock. And when, by all this perverseness of ours, our constitution is ruined, we apply to a physician to remedy it, who gives us certain medicines, from prejudice: though, but for the prejudices that blind him, experience might, perhaps, have taught him that they more frequently kill than cure. It is prejudice which sends us to school, there to waste the happiest portion of our lives in learning what most of us soon forget, or never can turn to any use; or which, at most, will teach us that we know nothing. And it is prejudice which impels us to consume the remaining part of our existence in laborious pursuits for the acquisition of honours, 'which are but a name,' of means of display, which either create no enjoyment, or the enjoyment of which is too transient to be worth the labour; or of wealth, from which we may never reap any advantage. And while, from a prejudicial love of property, we often permit ourselves and others to live in actual want; from another prejudice, we frequently impoverish the living, in order to procure that which is called a decent funeral for the dead. It is prejudice which maintains the distinction of rank among mankind: it is prejudice which taxes the industrious for the support of the idle—it is prejudice which makes a public concern of that which only rests between man and his Maker—it is prejudice which has encumbered public laws and lawyers, with forms which almost render them a curse to society—and it is prejudice which has separated mankind into hostile bodies, making war, and destroying one another, for the benefit of hosts of idlers, who make slaughter

their trade, and reap imaginary honours at the expense of universal suffering. Can absurdity go further, than neglecting, nay despising the honest industrious tradesman, or mechanic, whose activity administers to the comfort of all, and who lives at the expense of no one—unless the scanty remuneration of his important services be deemed expensive; and honouring and caressing the military, or naval bravo for hiring himself to his own, or a foreign government, at five, ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings a day, to cut the throats (if they happen not to cut his) of whomsoever he may be ordered to destroy—to despise the bricklayer who builds, and the peasant who fertilizes, and to give homage to those who demolish towns and villages, destroy harvests, and depopulate countries,—in short, who spread famine and desolation at the nod of despotism, fanaticism, or ambition, and entail privation, degradation, and slavery, for ages and generations, on millions of their fellow-creatures?

By what perversity of reasoning, on the other hand, do we abhor the public executioner, and fly his contact, as if his very touch could canker us with infamy? What is his crime? What renders *him* an outcast from society, who rids it of those whom the laws of their country have condemned, as the irreclaimable depredators of society—as rotten members, to be cut off for the preservation, or the benefit of the whole? I am aware that, with such strong prejudices existing against the employment of the executioner, the man who dares to brave public opinion on so sensitive a subject, for the mere love of lucre, must be a worthless being.

It is also probable that the hireling warrior may be a worthy character (and indeed I have known many such myself), who (according to the natural course of prejudice) thinks his profession honourable and moral, because all the world honours it, and its morality is rarely questioned; nor will I deny, that strong arguments may be adduced, to show that the respect paid to the profession of arms, and the horror against that of the executioner, had their origin in feelings that do credit to humanity—but they are prejudices still; and prejudices detrimental to the real welfare of society, whatever a perverse policy may urge to the contrary.

The distinction of rank is a subject so important, that it seems to require further illustration. In China, Turkey, and perhaps some other countries, rank adheres to office alone; and such a distinction is wise and just. But what shall we say to rank adhering to blood,—to that imaginary nobility which has proved the curse of most countries of Europe; where a number of families, composed, for the most part, of men with less abilities and personal merit than may be found among the meanest labourers

on their estates; by *right* of birth, pursuing power, offices of honour and emolument; wringing from the multitude respect and submission, through what?—the strength of a mere name! I am aware, that in some instances nobility has been bestowed as the reward of merit; and that it has been said, that the existence of such an institution acts as a stimulus to exertion for the benefit of the country; that the idea of being descended from a long line of noble ancestors, and of having a noble progeny before him, will produce and maintain nobility of sentiment, &c. But of these assertions, how much will the facts of history sustain? Do we not find that nobility has seldom been bestowed on merit merely?—that noblemen are not always *noble Men*? Is virtue hereditary? Is intellect hereditary? It is true that nobility might be turned into a useful institution, and the noxious character of a *caste* might be taken from it, by making the junior branches of families again merge into the mass of a nation: and both these modifications, to a certain degree, happily exist in England. But, nevertheless, with all its boast of freedom and independence, there is, perhaps, no people, in the world, more prejudiced and awed by hereditary rank than the English: a fact which I do not advance for the purpose of casting a slur upon a nation whose virtues are many, but merely as one of the strongest illustrations of my subject.

There is another species of nobility, or rather *rank*, which, by the help of all-powerful prejudice, draws strongly upon the respect and submissiveness of mankind,—i. e. the distinction of riches. A rich man is, all over the world, *ipso facto*, a respectable man; and the less wealthy bow down before him, not only from motives of interest, or from the presumption that the rich, as having the best opportunities are, in general, the most polished, the best-informed, or the most liberal,—but simply because prejudice, and the habits flowing from it, have taught them to prostrate themselves before the mammon of a full purse.

But, making allowances for the deference shown to birth and wealth, for reasons, the discussion of which would demand more time than we could bestow on it,—whence I may ask, arise the distinctions that are made between the various professions and trades? I can understand why we should show more respect to the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, the astronomer, and the man of science generally, than to the artisan: I approve of the superiority given to the artist, the artificer of every kind, over the mere mechanic, or tradesman—it is an homage paid to superior intellect, or knowledge. But perhaps it is some preju-

dice of mine which disqualifies me from understanding the reasons of those distinctions which are drawn between different descriptions of mere trades and callings, which require, or suggest only like degrees of faculty, or application, and which appear to be upon a perfect level in point of general utility.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

PLAGIARISMS OF VIRGIL.

Many of the finest passages in the *Æneid* are borrowed, in whole or in part, either from the poem of Lucretius, or the works of Ennius; though it must, at the same time, be said for the bard of Mantua, *Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit*. The extent of his obligations to Lucretius are matter of notoriety, and therefore need not be exemplified; the following parallel, which might be extended to much greater length, notwithstanding the little that remains of the venerable father of Roman Song, will sufficiently evince how closely he imitated, and how freely he borrowed from Ennius.

Ennius Book 6.
Vertitur interea coelum cum ingentibus signis.
Virgil, *Aen.* 2.
Vertitur interea coelum, et rui oceano nox.
Ennius, 1.
Qui coelum versat stellis fulgentibus aptum.
Virgil, 6.
Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
Ennius, 1.
Est locus Hesperiam quam mortales perhibebant.
Virgil, 1.
Est locus Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt.
Ennius, 8.
Consequitur, summo sonitu quatit ungula terram.
Virgil, 8.
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
Ennius, 12.
Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.
Virgil, 6.
Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem.
Ennius, 16.
Concidit, et sonitum simul insuper arma dederunt.
Virgil, 10.
Corruit in vulnus; sonitum super arma dedere.
Ennius, 1.
Hei mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo.
Virgil, 2.
Hei mihi qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo, &c, &c.

Should the reader be desirous of more examples, he is referred to *Macrob. Saturnal.* vii., 1, 2, and 3.

CHARACTER OF ENNIUS.

In the seventh book of his *Annals*, Ennius has sketched the character of the friend and military adviser of Servilius, and it has been generally believed that the Poet, on this occasion, drew from himself. The supposition is not improbable, and the portrait certainly a very flattering one—as the reader will perceive.

Hocce locutus vocat, quicum bene saepe libenter
Mensam, sermonesque suos, rerumque suarum
Comiter impertit; magna quum lapsa dies jam
Parte fuisset de parvis summisque gerendis,
Consilio, induforo lato, sanctoque senatu;

Cui res audacter magnas parvasque, jocumque
Eloqueret, quae tincta malis, et quae bona dictu
Evomeret, si quid vellet, tutoque locaret
Quocum vultu volup, ac gaudia clamque palamque,
Ingenium cui nulla malum sententia suadet,
Ut facinus faceret; lenis tamen, baud malus; idem
Doctus, fidelis, suavis homo, facundus, suoque
Contentus, scitus atque beatus, secunda loquens in
Tempore commodus, et verborum vir paucorum,
Multa tenens antiqua sepulta, et saepe vetustas
Quae facit, et mores veteresque novosque tenentum
Multorum veterum leges, divumque hominumque
Prudentem, qui multa loquive, tacereve possit.

Horace informs us (*Epist.* I. 19. 7.)

Ennius ipse pater nunquam, nisi potus, ad arma
Prosiliit dicenda.

This is a little too bad in the Venusian—but he hated water-drinkers quite as much as Sir John Falstaff did; and by way of justifying his own fondness for “veteris pocula Massici,” he represents old Ennius as a toper.

AN AUTHOR'S ENTRÉE.

Perhaps the most anxious period of an author's life is that which immediately precedes his first appearance before the public. When he looks back on the past, all is enchantment; his former raptures of inspiration rise before him; and, confident that his success will correspond to his most sanguine expectations, and that the enthusiasm of the reader will equal, if not surpass, the transports of the writer, he instantly determines to shake off the incumbrances of modesty, to burst forth amidst all the splendours of genius, and to seize the prize which he thinks so justly due to his superior talents and unremitting assiduity. When, however, the ardour of his feelings is cooled down to a proper temperature, by the suggestions of common sense—when he reflects on the numbers who have suffered shipwreck on the vast ocean before him, and thinks that what has happened to others may possibly be his own fate—then Hope loses her power to charm, dark clouds overcast the horizon, and, instead of the bright visions that formerly allured him, he sees nothing, in his reception with the public, but frowns, contempt, and disappointment; nothing in reviewers but “Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.” It is not surprising that a young writer, when under the influence of these feelings, should carefully survey the aspect of the heavens before he commences so hazardous a voyage; or that he should stand, with lingering hesitation on the shore, like Caesar on the bank of the Rubicon, or the arch fiend on the verge of chaos.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph: If in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

POETRY.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

"It is good for us to be here, if thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matthew xvii. 4

ME THINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build: but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? O no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away,
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? O no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held and the tint which it bore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns have been hid,
The treasures are squandered again,
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirits above;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? the dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah! sweetly they slumber; nor hope, love, nor fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death? to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies now,
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first Tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind far down on the vale?—
Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine!—woom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wand'ring on mountain and moor
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—

Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright Apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day,
Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth:
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream,
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd as with light,
And the caves as thou passest one moment are bright,
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

(From the *Romance*.)

"O mother! thou who still dost choose
Some pool retired and wild,
In which to bathe our Aretè,
Thy fair and only child;

Thou who dost braid her silky locks
And bind her slender waist,
Only when darkness shrouds our home,
With mystery's trembling haste;

Fearing the Pasha's gloating eye,
And unrelenting hand!
O! send her, mother! as a bride,
To Europe's happier land.

Then, if I leave this wretched Greece,
To feed my soul with lore,
I shall enjoy a home and friends
On some far distant shore!"

"O Constantine! thou dost not know
What bitter schemes are here!
For who will bring my child to pour
Her sorrows in my ear?"

He call'd on Heaven, and all the saints,
To witness what he swore;
That he would bring his sister back
To tell the woes she bore.

Two years roll'd on, in which he fed
Consumption's sad complaint;
The third beheld upon his corse
His frantic mother faint!

"I ne'er shall see my daughter more!
O Constantine! awake:
By Heaven, and all the saints whom thou
For witnesses did take!"

The corse at midnight slowly rose,
And through the watchers past;

Enough rough the night, the steed he rode
Went faster than the blast.

Ere dawn he met his sister's gaze
That sadly watch'd the moon :
"Sister, thy mother ask'd for thee—
I did her bidding soon !"

"Brother ! Great God ! what brought thee
Is this an hour to start ? [here !
Say, didst thou leave our father's home
In sad or joyous heart ?

If glad, my robes should all be white ;
If mournful, these are black !"
"Nor sad nor joyous, Aretè !
We must be riding back."

While still they journey'd on their way,
As dawn began to peep,
The birds pour'd forth not thrilling notes,
But accents strange and deep !

"O ! dost thou hear, my Constantine !
What birds around us say ?"—
"They are but birds—so let them sing,
While we pursue our way."

"Brother ! I tremble every limb !
They say, 'Behold the dead !'
I smell the incense ; incense breathes
From all thy robes and head."*

"But yester-eve these sacred drops
Were thrown with liberal hand !
Open ! I bring thee back thy child
From Europe's distant land."

"Stranger, away ! nor basely mock
A widow's anguish'd ear ;
My Aretè is far away,
And cannot now be here."

"Open ! I am the Constantine
Thou didst reproach before ;
Because I call'd the saints and Heaven
To witness what I swore !"

She open'd, and beheld what earth
Had never seen before ;
And in that instant sank a corse
Before her husband's door !

C. B. SHERIDAN.

* According to the rites of the Greek Church, incense is sprinkled over a corse.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

A number of candidates have appeared for the honour of having composed these admirable lines, which were first published some years ago in a provincial newspaper. Capt. Medwin, in his "Conversations of Lord Byron," claims them for his Lordship. The relatives of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, of Dublin College, however, have asserted that he composed them, and produced very fair testimony, amounting indeed almost to indubitable proof, to that effect. Among the rest of the claimants a Dr. Marshall came forward, arrogating the whole merit to himself ; but it unfortunately turned out that he was merely an illiterate cow-dog. This discovery gave occasion to a parody on the original lines, which we insert in this place, trusting that the wit will be an apology for any appearance of levity upon such an interesting subject.

Not a row had he got—not a guinea or note ;
And he looked confoundedly flurried
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning ;

We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamps, brilliantly burning.

All bare and expos'd to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze
With his Marshal cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the D—," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
We rais'd him, and sigh'd at the thought that his
Would consumedly ache on the morrow [head

We bore him home and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "one o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room, in the uppermost story ;
A rush-light we placed on the cold hearth stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

She sung of Love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips, that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if her light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame ;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part ?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "O Love ! is this thy doom ?
O light of youth's resplendent day !
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away ?"

MOORE.

THE BRIDAL.

Did you see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it opened its lips for the dew ?
The newly-fledged birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew ?
Did you mark the young light dawning down in the east,
With clouds cold and silent above ?
Did you hear the bells ring at the village-spread feast,
And see the young bride and her love ?

O, the rose it has bloom'd, it is withered, 'tis dead,
And its leaves blown away with a breath !
O, the birds they are grown, they are strong, they are
And the fowler has done them to death ! [dead,
O, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,
Then it faded and faded away !
O, the bells that were ringing, are tolling a knell,
And the bride and her love—where are they ?

C. NEALE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the New-York Literary Gazette

BONNY BEN.

ABOUT midway between the cities of New-York and Albany, on the west side of the Hudson, there is a spot which has long been remembered in the neighbourhood as the birth-place of Bonny Ben. It lies at the head of a lonely valley, within a step or two of the road, and perhaps not more than thirty paces from the village church. It is well marked out to the gaze of the traveller by the remains of an edifice, intertwined with the ruin-loving elder, and by a stately fir, blooming still in melancholy verdure near the brink of the fountain, whence the once living inmates of that edifice obtained their supply. The sombre aspect of the surrounding country corresponds with the desolate character of the scene. It is broken into an undulating rugged surface, clothed with thick growths of cedar and pine, and variegated here and there with perpendicular blocks of granite. There is no gurgling rill, no murmuring waterfall, no hum of busy life to disturb its quiet serenity. It sleeps the sleep of death, like those who once wandered over it in life, but who have long since been gathered to their fathers. The owl, indeed, hoots among the ruins by night, and the storm-driven raven, taking shelter amid the branches, croaks in dismal consonance with the sadness of the scene; but, save these, and, at long intervals, the rattling of the mail wagon—the tinkling of the belwether—or the lowing of the wild heifer, no sound awakens the echo of the valley.—The footsteps which once imprinted its peaceful sides, have long ago been worn out; the spade and the bill-hook that erst broke up the soil and levelled the cedars, have rusted away; and, but for the ruins, the fir, and a few venerable apple-trees, no visible trace of the noble spirit that here sprung into life and was nursed to manhood, would now remain. Such are the evanescent vestiges of human nature!

The solitary spot which has been thus briefly described, and which has, doubtless, attracted the attention of many a romantic traveller, was occupied somewhere about the year 1750 by an honest highlander who had immigrated into Canada with a Scottish Regiment, and fought bravely in the war then waged between England and France. Donald, however, growing tired of a soldier's life, especially in a region so cold and comfortless, took an early opportunity to desert to New-York; and fixing upon the genial site already described, (so much like his own native glen) as the place of his future residence, he married a Dutch damsel about half his age, and settled down with

great industry at the trade of shoemaking. The only issue of their union was the hero of our tale; and to say that he was not doated upon to the utmost extent of parental tenderness, would be doing injustice to the worthy Scotsman and his youthful bride. Some of the villagers yet remember him as 'a bouncing boy,' with hair a little sandy, eyes gray and piercing, and a frame from which a giant might have grown. But the greatest difficulty with Donald and his wife lay in the choice of a name for him. The former, evermore carried back in thought to 'auld lang syne,' proposed Archibald, Andrew, Davie, Walter, &c.; but the latter, cherishing with equal ardour the memory of her ancestors, insisted upon calling him Benjamin, or Jacob, or John. The odds in these cases, it is hardly necessary to say, are always greatly in favour of the mother; who, as she fondly hugs the poor babe and nurses it from the spring of her own life, seems to have the best right to its disposal. So Donald at length yielded the point, and his son was christened Benjamin in honour of his maternal grandfather. But that something even in his daily intercourse with the child might serve to commemorate old Scotia, he prefixed a favourite native epithet to the name, and ever addressed him by the title of Bonny Ben.

Bonny Ben grew up a stout and robust youth, with scarce any other playmates than the young Indians of the adjoining desert, from whom he learned to use the bow and arrow, to spear fish, and, in process of time, to aim the deadly rifle. He was of the middle size, left-handed, of a noble mien, and withal so athletic, that, when in his eighteenth year, but few could overmatch him in the exploits of the ring. His education was slight, being such only as the worthy Highlander had himself been enabled to afford him during the intervals of labour. He could read and write and cast up accounts, and had a tolerable knowledge of holy writ; for to his dying day it was the pride and the boast of Donald, that he had taught his son the rudiments of virtue. The youth, on his part, repaid all this parental care with the sincerest filial affection and obedience.—His disposition was naturally amiable, his temper open and generous, and his charity so overflowing that it invariably prompted him to relieve distress. Is it any wonder, that with qualities so estimable—with all the romantic feelings of eighteen—and with a heart susceptible of the liveliest sensibility, he should fall a victim to the tender passion? The rosy-cheeked Isabella, with raven locks and laughing eyes, and, above all, with a mien and carriage that a princess might have envied, caught his attention on a sabbath at church, and soon received the homage of his love. Her parents were humble

but respectable people ; she was the eldest of three pretty maidens ; and there was nothing in her condition, as to wealth and character, which could place her above him, or make the acceptance of his suit an act of condescension. They lived but a few miles apart, separated by a range of pine-clad hills, and over these a beaten path was soon traced by the love-sick swain. The stream of his life glided on with a gilded current ; the day passed away in sweet anticipations of future happiness, and the night showered dreams of bliss upon his enraptured heart. Such were the circumstances, the feelings, and the hopes of Bonny Ben, at the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775.

Donald had grown too old to divest himself of the prejudices imbibed in early life in favour of monarchy. He had been taught to reverence the king as ruling by divine right, and to regard the act of rebelling against his authority as a sin of the deepest die. At once, therefore, he set his face against the cause of the Colonies, and enjoined his son to avoid all intercourse with the promoters of it. But Bonny Ben, as if the society of his tawny acquaintances—the ‘chartered libertines’ of the forest—had ingrafted into his nature nobler sentiments, could not enter into the spirit of his father’s arguments ; and, in spite of all that filial duty could urge to the contrary, he felt himself gradually inclining to the side of freedom. Step by step his feelings led him into deeper sympathy with the sufferings of his country, and the resolution to aid her with the strength of his own arm became daily stronger. At length the crisis arrived.—’Twas a sad, a heart-rending ordeal to pass, but God and nature willed it so. He determined on secretly withdrawing from the parental roof which had hitherto given him shelter, and to march with a corps of volunteers for the defence of the frontiers. But to part with Isabella, nay, even to announce to her his resolution, was a much more difficult task to be performed. The very thought of it at times staggered his resolution. That hatred of tyranny, however, which nature had implanted within him, joined to an enthusiastic love of liberty, suffered not his ardour for an instant to abate ; and seizing a favourable opportunity, while she herself painted in glowing colours the wrongs of the colonies, in broken accents he imparted to her the painful secret. Isabella bore it with unexpected fortitude. The warmth of her affection had, in a measure, been suspended by the highly excited state of her feelings ; and in the transport of the moment, forgetting love, forgetting absence, forgetting the horrors of war and the pangs of separation, she even commended her lover for his brave determination. But when the emotion of her bosom had subsided, and

space was afforded for reflection, all the tender sensibility of her sex returned, and she could scarce bear up under the distress it occasioned. The thought of bidding him adieu on a tour of duty so fraught with peril, deprived her of strength to prolong the interview, and concerting with him a time and place for his formal farewell, she bade her lover good night.

They met on a Saturday near midnight, under the dark foliage of a towering pine, standing upon an insulated mound within view of the church, like a mighty ship upon the bosom of the deep. The sky wore a lowering aspect ; clouds of a thousand fanciful forms coursed rapidly across the moon as she hung ‘a silvery crescent’ in the heavens ; and there was a fitful breeze from the east, the forerunner of a storm, which ever and anon sighed among the branches of the pine, and gently bowed its majestic top.—Bonny Ben shook his head and sighed heavily, as, resting his rifle against the trunk, he seated himself in a thoughtful attitude at the foot. At times, when a denser vapour overshadowed the moon and buried him in total darkness, his heart sunk, and he almost despaired of meeting Isabella ; but then again, when the shadow passed away, and the glitter of his rifle showed that light was returning, his spirits revived and he breasted himself afresh for the shock. But Isabella came not. Long and piercing were the glances which the anxious youth, at short intervals, threw down the path to the road. All was silent and sad along that dreary path. The wind sighed, and the whippoorwill sang his doleful lay from a neighbouring crag, but no sound gave indication of the maiden’s approach. At length when the moon waned, and his patience had become almost exhausted, a figure in white slowly wound its way toward the pine. It was the figure of Isabella, but ah, how altered ! She was dressed, it is true, with her usual neatness, and she wore the pretty sandals which Bonny Ben had begged of the old Highlander as a present for her ; but her countenance was pale, her eyes tearful, and those raven locks which were ever coiled beneath a tasteful ornament now hung loose upon her shoulders, playing in the breeze. She advanced with more vigour at sight of her lover, and, sinking in his arms as he gently bore her beneath the gloomy pine, ‘Oh Heaven,’ she cried, ‘would that we had never met !’

Bonny Ben put his equanimity to the test, and strove with all the self-command wherewith nature had endowed him, to subdue his feelings. His heart, indeed, was ready to break with anguish, and he could with difficulty refrain from bursting into tears ; but the occasion demanded a more stoical demeanor, and he was determined to

achieve it. With words of sweet consolation, with a bright picture of the future, and a pathetic display of his duty as a patriot, he succeeded by degrees in calming her emotion, and in bringing her mind to a more equable state. 'What, my dearest Bella,' he said, kissing her with rapture, 'what are a few short months of absence compared with years of unbroken bliss? In battle or on the march—beneath the naked sky or the vaulted roof—with the earth for my bed and a stone for my pillow—your image, like a guardian angel, will ever be present to animate and sustain me; and then, when I return from the wars, scarred but not maimed, with my just proportion of honour and renown, how will my heart leap with joy at the welcome of Isabella! To purchase such heavenly bliss, surely, the toils of war and the pangs of separation are but as dust in the balance. And even should Providence ordain otherwise, we are but mortal, and sooner or later must separate for the tomb. Were it His will, therefore, to lay me low in the field—' Oh God!' cried Isabella, interrupting him, 'I would hasten to the spot, and with my own hands dig your grave; I would crown it with evergreens, and set a little stone to record your name and death; I would frequent it at the going down of every sun, and wet with my tears the tender plants blooming in remembrance of your untimely fate. It should be my shrine, and there I would daily offer my devotions; by its side I would mark out a space for the final rest of my own grief-worn frame, for the repose at last of my own poor lacerated heart. I would fence it with care against the tread of the intruder, and as each sad year revolved its dreary round, there would my anguish be vented afresh in memory of departed bliss; these eyes should pour forth streams of sorrow; this broken heart should throb in agony over blasted hope.'—'And these arms,' cried Bonny Ben, 'should never, never embrace another!'

At the lapse of an hour spent in that blissful converse which lovers only can appreciate, Bonny Ben rose up to depart, observing to Isabella that there was just moon enough to light her home, and that he himself had a weary way to wend to the quarters of his regiment. Isabella sat calmly reclining against the trunk of the pine, eyeing her lover in silent sadness as he buckled on his armour; and, at length, when all was ready, in a faint voice bade him farewell.—'Not so,' said Bonny Ben, a tear starting in his eye as he spoke.—'Tis you, my dearest Bella, must leave me here to contemplate your figure, as it recedes from my view.' But Isabella dared not trust her exhausted powers for such a task; she felt confident that strength would fail her in making the attempt; and, therefore, be-

seching her lover to leave her at the pine. Bonny Ben, with one more rapturous kiss and fond embrace—with a struggle such as never yet had been encountered by him, at length tore himself away from the heaven of his life. His steps were slow, and his mind was deeply agitated. He felt like an exile, forlorn and deserted, bent upon a perilous enterprise far from the place of his birth and the friends of his youth. He seemed alone in a desert land—an outcast from the society of his fellow-creatures—a miserable being, doomed by Providence to undergo every torment that misfortune could invent. And oh, that he might take but one more look at the dear visage of Isabella! Where would be the harm? She was free, and, doubtless, still occupied her seat at the root of the pine. There were yet no bars, no space, no martial rigour to cut off their intercourse. And yet that look might unman him! 'Be it so,' cried Ben; 'though I die in the attempt, my eyes shall once more behold her angelic features.' He turned—he gazed—he advanced to take a secret view; but alas! all was chaos at the foot of the pine. The figure of Isabella had vanished!

Human nature, though often exposed to the severest shocks, is yet so happily constituted that the duration of any paroxysm is in an inverse proportion to its violence. The mind, ever on the alert to soothe its woes, seeks relief in change of scene and in new trains of thought. It is, naturally, at war with grief, and sooner or later, be its sorrows what they may, recovers that cheerful serenity and resignation under suffering, which He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' has, doubtless, intended as a blessing to our race. Thus it was with Bonny Ben on the present occasion. As he slowly traversed the narrow path, and finally turned into the highway that led to the quarters of his regiment, his mind imperceptibly grew calmer, and reason by degrees regained her sway. There was something, too, in the hasty departure of Isabella, that contributed not a little to cool the ardour of his passion, and to reconcile his feelings to the destiny that awaited him. He had hoped to bless himself once more with a view of her at the root of the pine. Surely she could not so soon have recovered her equanimity and fled from the spot. But in truth it was so—she had taken her departure, and left him to the mercy of a warring world.

Progressing thus in a train of thought that led him unconsciously on, mile after mile, Bonny Ben at length reached the quarters of his regiment, and soon buried his troubles in the merriment of the camp. Not that he forgot Isabella, or the worthy couple to whom he owed his birth—no, the memory of these could never be eradicated from his heart; but his love for the one and

attachment to the other settled into a mild and rational principle, seeking not to betray its existence by outward signs, nor debar-ring him from the pleasures of social life.—The hours, indeed, gradually quickened their pace. Day after day, new ideas presented themselves to his imagination—novel spectacles engrossed his attention, and the duties of his station often led him into dangers that extinguished every thought but for the present. The storm of war and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, weakened the impression of the parting scene. In short, the remembrance of his home and of his doating parents, even the image of his darling Isabella, grew fainter and fainter as time elapsed.

[To be continued.]

New-York Literary Gazette.

Ham.—Will you see the players well bestowed? Do you bear, let them be well used.

Pol.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham.—Odds boddikin, man, much better: use every man after his desert and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity"—HAMLET.

We did not anticipate the violent proceedings that have attended Mr. Kean's appearance on our stage. It is the first instance, we believe, in this country, of a successful theatrical riot, and we trust it will be the last. If any men choose to disapprove the introduction of an actor to the public on account of defects in the moral character of that actor, no one will question their right so to do; but there is an important question with respect to the *means* which they may take to express their disapprobation. If they assume the right to commit acts of personal violence and gross insult toward the object of their dislike—if they constitute themselves champions of morality, and show their zeal in her service by disturbing public order and outraging public decency, they may rest assured that virtue will not be very profuse in thanking them for their labors in her cause. The proper course for the opposers of Mr. Kean would have been to keep away from the theatre, and to show their disapprobation by refusing to patronise him; not to attend his performance with a resolution to drive him from the stage where he stood with the consent of the Managers, who have a legal right to bring whomsoever they please on their own boards. It would be a pretty state of things truly, if any body of men should constitute themselves a board of Directors of theatres, and dictate to the Managers what they must do and whom they

must engage! The Managers have a right to bring an ourang-outang on their boards, if they please; and if they give previous notice to the public, it is the business of those who are dissatisfied to stay away, not to throng the building and interfere with those who choose to witness the exhibition.

It has been urged in justification of the course pursued by Mr. Kean's opponents, that "at the theatre a man has a right to hiss an exceptionable actor." Now, we should like to know whether a man who purchases his ticket and attends the theatre to witness the performance of an able and distinguished tragedian, has not *his right* also to hear and to see that which he came to hear and see? and whether the first party would not show a better sense of propriety and decorum by absenting himself from a place where his delicacy and virtue are so grievously shocked, than by interfering with the rights of those who are not gifted with such sensitiveness? But even granting to such men this privilege of creating riots all out of pure love of morality, conceding to them the right of disturbing the play which a majority of those present wish to see without interruption, what excuse can be offered for throwing missiles at an actor? Is it not mean, is it not *cowardly* in the extreme, to offer such personal violence and insult to a defenceless man, who cannot single out from the crowd the individuals who thus abuse him, and consequently cannot avenge himself? Such warfare is base, unmanly, and savage.

The cause of all these disturbances which have disgraced our theatre, must be ascribed to Mr. Kean's opponents—it cannot be charged against his supporters. If his opponents had staid away from the theatre, there would have been no riot and no breach of public order. The admirers of his acting would have welcomed his appearance, and the play would have been performed without noise or confusion. But it was not to be expected that the throng of his friends who went with the intention of witnessing his performance, would permit him to be driven off the stage, if it was in their power to prevent it.

Were the whole subject brought down to this point—that in order to prevent a riot one of the parties must keep away from the theatre, it would not surely need a moment's common sense to decide whether his antago-

nists or his supporters ought in propriety to absent themselves.

As to the abstract question whether the moral character of an actor has or has not any thing to do with his merits as a performer, it is one on which every man is entitled to his own opinion; and every man has a right to express his opinion on all subjects, provided he does it in such a way as not to trespass on the rights and privileges of others: but we would caution those who are the knights-defenders of morality in this instance, against abusing all Mr. Kean's supporters as men destitute of virtue and principle—this will not do. It might be also recommended to them not to represent all their own party as pure and immaculate, and as desperately in love with virtue; there may perchance be some *hypocrites* among the latter; and by a like chance there may be some men of *unimpeachable integrity* among the former.

We would also observe, that when a man has trespassed against the laws, and has *paid the forfeit* of his offence, neither the laws of justice nor those of equity empower his fellow men to drive him from honest occupations whereby he obtains the means of subsistence. Justice and equity punish, but they do not persecute; they demand expiation from an offender, but after the expiation is made, they do not drive him to despair.—Mr. Kean has paid the penalty of his trespass, and the laws are satisfied. Is it justice or is it intolerance to drive him from the profession which is his only means of support? Is it real or is it pretended virtue that bars the door against reformation, by implacable and unforgiving revenge? That virtue which never pardons error, would act wisely in shunning the spear of Ithuriel.

We had intended not to interfere in this controversy. Debarred as we are, by want of health, from attending the theatre, and considering the cause of the dispute not exactly a proper subject for public discussion, we had resolved to pass it by in silence; but we cannot refrain from protesting against the means which the *friends of morality* have taken to show their disapprobation of Mr. Kean. We object to their making a crusade against a solitary individual—if they will take up the cause of virtue on a general footing; and “use *every man* according to his deserts,” themselves as well as others,

it will be right enough; but “who shall ‘scape a whipping?” and how many self-flagellations will the amazed world behold!

Banks.—It is high time that some efficient measures should be taken to bring down punishment on the heads of those men who convert these institutions into machines for swindling the community. Justice is daily sending sixpenny rogues and thieves to the tread-mill, while the speculators of thousands unblushingly go at large in the face of that public whose pockets they have picked.

We have heard a tale about the Eagle Bank of New-Haven, which, if true, will sink at least one man to the foulest depth of shame. If we succeed in our inquiries with regard to the authority on which it rests, and if we find that authority satisfactory, we shall give publicity to the facts, with the names of the parties concerned.

How many poor men have materially suffered by the failure of the Jersey Lombard Company, we do not know: but while the poor have been made poorer, let us ask what rich man has been made richer by this bank's defalcation? Is there no method by which light may be thrown on this subject, and cannot the law compel an investigation? There is one difficulty in the way—the *cashier* of this institution is a man of unquestionable probity, and whatever underhanded transactions may have taken place, must necessarily have been kept secret from him. But are there no means of compelling the *President* to explain the failure in a satisfactory manner, or to take the consequences, if he cannot so explain?

TIME'S SPECTACLES.

“The abstract and brief chronicle of the times.”
Shakespeare.

A Boston broker prosecuted a buxom widow for breach of promise. This being very ungallant, and the jury being gallant men, the widow came off victorious. The forlorn swain is supposed to have been humming “Roy's wife of Aldivalloch” ever since.—Gen. Jackson resigned his seat in the Senate, because the Legislature of Tennessee nominated him for the Presidency. This is ultra-delicacy; virtue should never shrink from temptation, or from situations where suspicion might be raised against her—it is by going through trials

and putting suspicion to shame, that she becomes glorious.—The widow of Bonaparte has married an old and ugly Austrian General. “Her fittest place were by Napoleon’s grave.”—Mr. Everett, American minister to Spain, fell violently in love with King Ferdinand at first sight, and made a declaration of his passion. He did not “get the bag.”—Some gentleman threw a potato in the New-York theatre, which put out another gentleman’s eye; the latter has not *seen double* since. N. B. He was not an Irishman, but a Jonathan, and marvels that the potato should have been sent to him; had it been a *pumpkin* he would not have been surprised.—Mr. Stone, of the Commercial, lost three subscribers for putting on panoply “in the cause of honour, morality, and virtue”!!!—The *public* lost all confidence in nine-tenths of the new banking institutions.—The President of a certain bank lost his *principle*; the depositors of money also lost their *principal*. The difference in termination is a mere trifle.—A certain doctor lost a good patient by *bleeding* him too profusely during the first year.—A gentleman lost a good *rattan* by unfortunately being out of the way when called upon to receive the present. N. B. The present was to have been conferred *ad dorsum*.—A shocking attempt was made to extinguish “Morality” during the late theatrical disturbances; it was actually threatened with murder; *vide* the communication of “Morality” in a daily paper.—A Greek sea-captain was so rude as to tell the commander of an Austrian brig to “fire and be d—d.” He could not have been an Athenian, for Athenian politeness is, or at least *was*, above such incivility. Quere—What is the Greek for d—n, in the sense here intended? Is it *καταρασμα*?—Some friends to decency, propriety and public order, gave practical proof of the sincerity of their professions by throwing apples, oranges and sand-bags at a defenceless actor. There is something chivalrous in such courage.—*Valuable present*.—A Vermont Editor has been presented with a potato measuring nearly two feet in circumference; it should be presented to Pat Magee, the Irish Giant.—The President of the United States of America shook hands with a foreigner, on board of a steam-boat! The fact is attested by several credible wit-

nesses.—The *coloured gentlemen* of the city of New-York petitioned the corporation for a place in the procession at the Grand Canal celebration; the *modest* request was not granted, there being no lack of *colours* on this occasion.—A gentleman and lady of colour were willing to condescend so far as to open the Grand Ball in a *Guinea double-shuffle*; but their favour was dispensed with, as it was feared that they would *eclipse* all the other dancers.

—The Editor of an American newspaper, speaking of our squadron in the Mediterranean, says, that he is “happy to learn that the *ships* and crews generally are in good health.” Quere, to what diseases are *ships* liable, and how are they doctored?—The state of New-York turned another political somerset, at which both parties rubbed their eyes, wondering “what the d—l it could mean.”

We would recommend to the *friends of morality*, who are regulating the morals of the theatre, to employ a portion of their zeal in redressing the wrongs which *virtue* has suffered at the hands of those offenders who have been preying on the pecuniary distresses of the community. Perhaps they can find fitter objects of indignation in *men* who have not *paid the penalty* of their crimes than in one solitary individual who has atoned, by the judgment of the law, for a solitary offence. The champions of morality should show no partiality.

The following resolution was passed by the “Bachelor’s Club,” (a highly respectable institution in our city)—that the philosopher of old, (Socrates) who said, “do as you will, you will repent,” was a dunce, for we have all lived *Bachelors* to this day, and never repented.

The “Cool Club,” (who meet only in warm weather), at their last meeting in August, passed the following resolutions:

1st. That Diogenes was a fool, for when Alexander begged him to crave a boon, he said, “stand from between me and the sun.”

2nd. That Macbeth, was wiser than *cit*, Diogenes or Solomon, for he said,

“I gin to be a’ weary o’ the sun.”

THEATRICAL.

It gives us much pleasure to insert the following criticism: it is from the pen of a close observer and spirited writer.

MR. KEAN'S SHYLOCK.

Mr. Kean made his fourth appearance on Friday the 11th inst. in the Merchant of Venice. Of his Shylock we cannot express ourselves in adequate terms—to be appreciated, it must be seen. It was in truth as Pope said of Macklin,

"The very Jew
That Shakspeare drew."

It could not be called acting—it was the thing itself; no trickery—no laying out for applause—no looking at the audience (as much as to say, "was not that well done?") from his entrance to his exit he was perfection. Shylock, unlike most of Kean's characters, has no adventitious circumstances to set it off—no regal pomp—none of the paraphernalia of greatness—he stands alone amid the haughty Venetians, a degraded old man; and in the hands of a common performer is so. From the time of Shakspeare to that of Macklin, this was generally performed by the lowest comedian in the company, and sunk into a mere buffoon—and it requires *power* of the highest order to make him what Kean made him—the very soul of the play. In his first scene he was principally the cold calculating Jew, till aroused by the interrogatories of the Christian Antonio—

Say.—Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum;
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate
Ant.—Well, shall we be beholden to you?

The whole of his answer beginning—

Say.—Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto have you rated me
About my monies and my usance, &c.,

had an electrical effect, and could only be equalled by the hideous jocularly of his laugh when he wheedles Antonio out of the bond.

The first scene in the third act, with Tubal, was as fine a display of histrionic talent as can possibly be conceived. Few will forget his look—the pointing of his fore-finger, as if his daughter's corpse were actually before him, and his manner of pronouncing the word "*dead*"—

Say.—I would that my daughter were *dead* at my foot,
and the jewels in her ear! would she were hanged at
my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! &c.

And when Tubal informs him of Antonio's losses, the horrid earnestness of the exclamation, "I thank God, I thank God."

But it is in vain to particularize: we will merely mention the court scene. The object for which he stood there was never lost sight of. The Duke harangued, Bassanio pleaded, Gratiano stormed; Shylock thought only of "his bond." His manner towards the latter was particularly fine. A common actor would have looked at him. Kean stood with his back to him, his eye fixed steadfastly on the object of his hatred, until he had finished; then turning round, he slowly drew forth the bond, opened it to its fullest extent, gazed on it with a fiendish exultation, and pointing to the seal, exclaims—

"Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st the lungs to speak so loud."

The opening of that parchment might have been heard at the farthest part of the house. There was fine acting too in the unwilling and cautious manner in which he let it pass from his hands to that of the "learned doctor," and the trembling eagerness he evinces in seizing it when Portia entreats that it may be torn, as if apprehensive of the mere possibility of such an event—

"When—when it is paid, according to the tenor"

This character was the foundation of Mr. Kean's fame; it was this in which he first made his appearance before a London audience. It is said by many that Mr. Kean is at the head of a mode of acting, which they denominate the Kean School; we know not where that school is to be found: he stands alone, secure and towering in the consciousness and beauty of transcendent genius—servile imitators he may have, who will perhaps be able to compass a few of his peculiarities—his manner of starting, of striking his hands together, and so on; but intensity of passion and *power* is not to be caught by imitation. As a tragedian, with the exception perhaps of Macready, there is no living man fit to be compared with him. C.

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